



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

that warmed her heart and mellowed her voice as by some magic power. But to-day, a quick rush of emotion choked down the half-uttered notes, and her head grew giddy with a whirl of surprise, joy, pain,—for there, in the very seat next their own, was a tall, well-knit figure, only too familiar to her strained gaze, although the boyish red and white of his complexion had given place to the sun and beard-darkened hue of ripened manhood, and even the closely curling hair had lost something of its old-time gold; but the clear blue eyes looked up just as clearly and unsuspiciously into her own as of yore; indeed, she fancied, for a moment, that there was a half-smile of tender recognition in them, as, with a mighty effort, she put aside the throng of bewildering memories, and her sweet voice rose, full and clear, in the first line of the old familiar hymn:

"Return, ye wandering sinners, home."

The service was over at last, and as Say's foot touched the last stair, she looked up to meet that same frank smile and outstretched hand that had so often greeted her years ago, while a voice that was music to her ear exclaimed, eagerly:

"Will *you* welcome me home, Say?"

The lunch was gratefully received and enjoyed, and Say stood watching with a dreamy, half-absent eye, the form of her father, as he passed briskly from fire to fire, stirring, testing, and discoursing with pleasant volubility upon the quality, quantity, etc., of this year's sugar crop.

"It's the best, take it all together, that we've had for five years. You remember, Say, that year that Ben Worth went—"

His voice died away in the distance, as he hurried off to replenish a decaying fire; and Say stood looking thoughtfully down upon the blazing brands, while her slender fingers played nervously with a twig of soft, silky catkins that she had plucked on her way through the woods, and there was an unconscious pathos in her tones as she softly repeated her father's words:

"Five years of patient waiting, of uncomplaining silence, of—"

"Sugaring off!"

It was Ben Worth's voice that spoke the words, and Ben Worth's hand that clasped her own, as he whispered, with a tender, yet half-roguish significance:

"Will you accept the sugar as it is now, Say? It may not be of the first quality, to be sure; but if you will only try it, I will promise that it will do its best

was never alluded to by either, but was laid aside amid other precious relics of the past, as something too sacred for careless hands to intermeddle with—a sealed memory, to which their two hearts alone kept the key.

—Mrs. H. G. Rowe.

OLD HELL GATE FERRY HOUSE.

If we seek the spot from which the old Hell Gate Ferry House was drawn, we shall not find it as it was when visited by Mrs. Greator. What was then wild ground, where children used to play, is now a paved street—Eighty-sixth Street. The banks of the river are cut close to the few trees that are still standing, and the gnarled roots lie bare and dying. We look for the "Folk Lane" where we used to ramble, through tangled briars and sweet-smelling shrubs, under the arching branches of oaks and elms, embraced with vines and burdened with twining, blossoming things; but we find it sadly cut into, and we are debarred from entering it by a closed gate on which hangs the well-known board, "This is no Thoroughfare."

We reach the old Ferry House, and try to find out something about it, but without success. We are told that it was built over one hundred years ago,



SOLITUDE.—AFTER DAHL.

"How are ye? How are ye, Ben? Glad ter see ye agin!" and Deacon Sparmint crowded himself between the two, in the heartiness of his greeting, which was now re-echoed by old and young, who crowded joyously about their old favorite, with a perfect chorus of subdued welcomes, questions, and comments, while Say, quietly accepting Mr. West's offered escort, walked silently away, her heart full to overflowing with its bitter-sweet memories—trifles, perhaps, in their day, but now to her time-awakened vision, things of what infinite importance to her future peace.

The next morning, Mr. West took a dignified leave of his host and family, with the air of one who has no intention of returning at present, and Say, with a lightened brow, but with a little air of nervous expectation, that she tried her best to hide, busied herself with her usual tasks, that, as the day waned, seemed gradually to lose their interest for her, and, as the twilight began to fall, she remarked, in a wearied tone:

"I believe I'll go down to the sugar orchard, and carry father his supper; perhaps the walk in the open air will help my headache." And following up her own suggestion, she was soon picking her way along the old familiar path that, five years ago, she had threaded upon the same errand, with a step as firm, an eye as clear, and a heart (she smiled sadly, wondering to herself as she recalled that time) not yet wise enough to know itself.

toward sweetening away whatever drops of bitterness fate may mingle in your cup of life."

Say's face was turned away, but a loving hand gently drew the drooping head into the full light of the shameless fire, and a pair of tender, yet masterful eyes looked searchingly into her own. She tried to laugh, but the tears would come instead, and, dropping her head upon the broad shoulder beside her, she sobbed out a few broken words of loving acknowledgment that made her listener's heart bound with grateful joy.

"But where did you get that idea of the 'sugaring off?'" she asked, a little later, as they sat, side by side, before the cheerful fire, and Ben answered, with a slightly embarrassed air:

"Thereby hangs a confession. On the night that we parted here, I came back for my sap-ladle, that in the angry excitement of my leaving I had forgotten, and which I knew would be needed by my father the next day. I came just in time to hear your conversation with your father about me, and I stole away in a perfect agony of grief and mortification. It was that that sealed my lips on the evening of my departure for California, and it is that that now emboldens me to offer you the sugar that five long years of trial, toil, and self-denial have produced."

Say smiled—yet with tearful eyes—as she placed her hand in his, and from that day forth the fancy

which we can readily believe, for the front, with its pillared hall-door, is very ancient looking. We think of the old time when the dwellers hereabout used to take the horse ferry boat for Hallett's Cove to visit "Prince's Gardens," and when the gentry of the city took children and nurses, and, before the sun was up, started by the hilly and romantic road that led down to the dock here, to enjoy a holiday across the river, and visit at the country seats of their friends on Long Island. Where are they now?

"Gone like a wind that blew a thousand years ago."

We turn sadly away, and, with our curiosity unsatisfied, determine to learn something. So we open the gate of the Folk Lane, and knock at the door of one of the old houses there. Nobody is in but a servant, who has lived in the place eleven years, and has never been to the Ferry House! We smile, if we can, to think how our curiosity has been baffled, and stopping a moment on the porch, we look around us. The tall white pillars of the Astor House lie prostrate on the ground. The Prince House is all gone. Up toward Harlem we see the river through the trees. Crowds of white sails are passing to and fro upon the waters, which are as blue and sparkling as the sky above. We sigh for old New York, but we shall never see it again, except as Mrs. Greator shows it to us here.



OLD HELL GATE FERRY HOUSE.—ELIZA GREATOREX.